

Snowed In by the_madhatter

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff and Smut, Gen, Gender-Neutral Pronouns, Neutral reader - Freeform, Requested

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Reader

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-06

Updated: 2018-02-06

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:40:06

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,916

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Request: Could you write a Jonathan Byers x reader where they're spending the night at Hopper's cabin alone and they get snowed in? Maybe some smut, but super fluffy? Thanks!

Warnings: Some smut, swearing

Snowed In

Author's Note:

Author's Note: Sorry this started out a little sad. But hopefully it got better and fluffier! Also sorry it took a little bit to write and post, and I know I've got a few more to write but my requests are still open! Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy :) P.S. sorry for any mistakes

Hopper was kind enough to let you and Jonathan stay at his cabin while everything got sorted out with Will. Jonathan needed some time away from his house, even if he vehemently protested against leaving his mom and his brother. After growing up with Hopper being the only constant adult in your life, you took on some of his mannerism; and you were the spitting image of Hop when Jonathan refused to go with you. To say the least, he ended up at the cabin with you. "It'll be great. I promise." You said as you drove on through the woods. Jonathan was sulking in the seat next to you, probably replaying the argument the two of you had in his head to see if he could have done something different to win. So he was silent the entire drive.

When you arrived at the cabin, you unlocked the door and let him go in first. He was still quiet, obviously mad at you that you had made him come in the first place but you knew him too well. Jonathan wasn't capable of being mad at you for long periods of time. "Home sweet home." You hummed as you kicked off your boots that were covered in snow and headed across the room to light the fireplace. Hopper had only taken you here a few times, but those few times stuck with you and you felt like you were coming home. Jonathan saw you and followed suit by slipping off his boots and sticking them by the door as well.

"It's okay. Not what I expected." He finally spoke after hours of silence.

You turned to him with a smile and nodded. “He hasn’t changed a thing. Then again, Hop never like change after...” You trailed off, knowing better than to talk about his daughter. “You can hang your coat there.” You switched topics and pointed to the hook behind him. “Do you want something to drink? He might have some hot cocoa somewhere.” You wandered through to the kitchen, ignoring whether he wanted anything or not. Out of the corner of your eye you saw him poking around. Hop never kept anything personal insight in the cabin so you let Jonathan continue snooping.

Just as you added the tiny marshmallows to the cups you saw him pick up a few picture frames and you stopped breathing. “Is this you?” He asked, holding up one of the two frames so you could see. It was a picture of you and Hop at the station when you were a kid before he lost his own daughter. You nodded and peaked over to see he had a picture of El in his other hand.

“I was in and out of the police station as a kid. That was taken after I scared Hop to death and he picked me up just outside the quarry. I don’t know if you remember but some of the older kids at school dared me to jump that night.” You reminisced one of the many not so pleasant memories of your childhood.

“Yeah I remember.” He sighed. The pair of you had a hard time at school dealing with peers; it was how you connected in the first place.

You brought him over a mug and ushered him to the couch. “Will is going to be okay. He’s got to adjust to being back.” You said, moving closer to him then taking a sip of your drink.

“I know.” He mumbled over his mug.

“You set your mug down on the table in front of you and moved even closer to him, resting your head on his shoulder. “Have you taken any more amazing pictures lately?” You asked, snuggling against him. He moved his arm around you and pulled you close.

“Actually, no. I’ve been trying to help Will get back to...” He trailed off and that was when you decided to just stop talking since it was just end up going back to Will. He was quiet for a moment and that’s

when you pushed yourself up slightly and kissed his cheek. Jonathan looked at you with wide eyes. But that initial shock disappeared almost as fast as it appeared and his lips were crashing into your in seconds. As he deepened the kiss you could hear the wind outside growing stronger. You moved yourself so you were no longer beside him, but rather straddling him. His hands went up to either side of your hips and his thumbs caressed your sides. The lights flickered and you pulled away. Jonathan made a small grunt of disapproval as you got up and headed to the window.

“We may not be going home for a while.” You said, staring out at the whiteness before you. You couldn’t see even a few inches in front of you. The car had disappeared completely. Jonathan came up behind you and wrapped his arms around your waist.

“Looks like we’re stuck here.” He bent down and nibbled your ear. You turned around, he was still holding onto you. “Come on.” You grabbed hold of your hand and led you back to the couch but when you reached it, you decided the two of you would be more comfortable in a bed.

“This way.” You laughed and took the lead, bringing the two of you to the spare bedroom. Once inside you opened the curtains so you could see the blizzard outside.

“Absolutely breathtaking.” He smiled.

“Isn’t it?” You turned and looked out at the pure white scene.

“I wasn’t talking about the snow.” He laughed, and pulled you in close. You could feel your cheeks heating up, and tried to suppress the smile that was creeping across your face. Jonathan was gentle when he brought you down on the bed. He crawled over top of you, placing kisses along your body as he slowly made his way up to your lips. With his hands on either side of your head, he pecked at your lips first then placed small kisses on both cheeks and your forehead. “Y/N you’re beautiful.” He smiled, watching you carefully for your reaction. You were sure you had been grinning like a fool now and he chuckled.

You paced your hands at the hem of his shirt and ran them under the

soft fabric, taking in the sensation of his skin beneath your fingertips. He helped you out a little and took it off completely in one quick motion. You still had all your clothes on and he was quick to fix that. Giving you a questioning look of approval before he removed anything though, and you nodded your okay. You could tell he was nervous so you did everything in your power to make him feel more comfortable. The slight hip thrusts up in his direction, the quest moans of pleasure when he touched you so gingerly. It wasn't long before both your clothes and his were scattered across the floor and the two of you were lying there taking in the warmth of one another. His hands wandered your body only stopping momentarily at the spots that made your back arch.

Your body was shaking beneath him as his gentle hands worked you. He was going slowly, but your release was building up fast. He stopped just as you were teetering on the edge. You let out a small whine when his hand pulled away. "Y/N, can I?" He asked, hesitant even after all of that. You nodded your head furiously and opened your legs for him a bit more.

He obliged and guided himself in slowly so you could adjust to him. You ran your hands down his chest. "Move please." You cooed, biting your bottom lip when his pace started slow but picked up after a few seconds. It didn't take him long to get tired of the position you were in. He flipped you over on your stomach and pulled your bottom closer to him. He moved faster now and the buildup from earlier was back. It didn't take you long at all. "I'm close." You mumbled with your face buried in the pillow and your hand gripping the sheets tight. He didn't slow down, but rather sped up, urging you to let go. "Come for me, Y/N." You heard him whisper above you.

Moments after, you were clenching around him as you cried out into the pillow. Jonathan stopped moving and let you ride out your release. Your body shook as he started to move slightly, his release close as well. The sensations became too much but it wasn't long before you felt the loss of him and then warmth on your back. You heard him grunt from above you. You rolled over and felt him fall back beside you. Jonathan's arms wrapped themselves around you and pulled you close so your head was resting on his bare chest. You glanced outside to see the snow hadn't let up and you smirked. You

wanted to savor the moment before, but you realized you had all the time in the world, especially if the snow kept up.

“I never want to leave.” You smiled. You felt Jonathan tense up slightly.

“I don’t think we could even if you wanted to.” He replied.

The two of you didn’t leave the bed the rest of the night. By morning you could hear a car pull up. Jonathan was still fast asleep after the long night the two of you had. You got up, careful not to wake him, threw on your clothes, and headed to the window to see Hop attempting to shovel his way to the door. Making your way to the door, you were careful when opening it and took a step back when there was almost four feet of snow packed up against where the door was. “Hopper!” You waved a little to get his attention. He looked up with a shocked expression, mostly at how much snow had made it to the door.

“Shut it.” He yelled. You obliged and waited. He shoveled his way to the door and cleared as much as he could. Then he was inside shaking off the cold and slipping off his damp boots. “You two have a nice night away?” He asked as he headed to the kitchen.

“Yeah, he’s still sleeping so maybe keep it down?” You whispered.

“As long as he’s not in my bed.” Hop commented, making a pot of coffee.

“Why are you out here anyway?” You asked, ignoring his comment.

“The weather was awful. Just wanted to make sure you two weren’t stranded up here. Looks like you were so it’s a good thing I came up. He’s not in my bed, is he?” Hop explained and then asked again and you shook your head no. “Good. You’re welcome by the way.” Hop took his coffee and left. His goal of burying you out, met, he had no reason to stay. You watched him leave and headed back to bed. Jonathan was just getting up as you crawled in next to him.

“Was Hopper here?” He asked, confused and still half asleep.

“Yeah he was just burying us out. We got a lot of snow last night.” You answered, snuggling up against him. “Bummer too. I wanted more time with you.” You smiled up at him. You did have the rest of the morning and you planned on using it very wisely.